

Stage Novelties

MR. BRYAN, MRS. PANKHURST, JOSEPH AND HIS BRETHREN, SARAH BERNHARDT, THE HALLS, MR. GALSWORTHY, MR. BERNARD SHAW.

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London, September 28. I will begin by admitting there has been no theatrical novelty in England comparable to Mr. Bryan's appearance in America as a circus star. Of that the cable has given us particulars day by day. The press of England and the Continent has rung with it. Englishmen read of it with a puzzled incredulity. They cannot understand, they can hardly believe, that an American Secretary of State, the first Cabinet Minister of the United States, should be hiring himself out in rivalry with yoddlers and bareback riders; it is too barefaced. Mr. Bryan's apologies have been cabled with the rest, and have hurt him and us as much as the act for which he apologizes. His confessions about his money affairs, his open preference of his private interest to public duty, his indiscretions of taste, his lack of dignity and decency, are such that no comment is adequate to the offence; and here they make none, or not many in public.

Mr. Bryan thinks all the criticism at home is malicious or partisan. I suppose he cannot understand why his countrymen object to seeing a great officer of state behave like a mountebank. If he were a Republican and a diplomatist instead of the Democrat and neophyte in foreign affairs he is, I should say, as I do now, that he has brought his office and his country and himself into contempt abroad. His conduct is as unpatriotic as it is undignified. He may despise European opinion, but then why is he Foreign Minister? And why does the President tolerate it? Is he content to have an acrobat at the head of his Cabinet?

The real objection to Mr. Bryan is not so much his excursions into these flowery regions as his return from them to the State Department. A locked door would meet the case. Or why will not "The New York World" enlarge its handsome offer? It cannot really wish that the Secretary of State should be a pensioner on its bounty, but if a little more money would induce him to retire into private life there must be many besides the public-spirited editor of "The World" who would contribute to that end according to their means.

Next to Mr. Bryan, Mrs. Pankhurst, who, if an old story here, will be a novelty to you should the immigration authorities allow her to land, as I hope they will. For Mrs. Pankhurst here in England has done one great public service, and might do another in the United States. She has put back woman suffrage for a generation; if not forever. She has given the English an object lesson in the rule of women. The outrages she has counselled and left others to commit have served as a measure of her capacity for political leadership. Even women admit their inferiority to men in one respect. They are not our equals in physical force, and it is the domain of physical force that Mrs. Pankhurst and her militants have chosen as the field of battle.

They seem really to believe that they can frighten a great race into the surrender of the franchise by a policy of annoyance. Their new evangel is an evangel of window-smashing and house-burning and letter-burning and insult to Ministers and attempts to suppress free speech. Never has there been so stupid a policy. Mrs. Pankhurst is under sentence of three years' imprisonment for inciting to the commission of these offences. She has escaped and proposes to preach her gospel to us in America. She is a convicted criminal and in no sense a political criminal. Arson or inciting to arson is not yet recognized as a method of politics. There will be no protest from England if this woman is deported as an undesirable alien. Nor would there be if she were sent to Matteawan.

I must apologize to Sir Herbert Tree for giving precedence to Mr. Bryan and Mrs. Pankhurst. Nobody ought to be put before him as a competitor in blatant publicity, and certainly not now when he may boast that he is the first English manager to turn the Bible into a play. The argument against Biblical plays is not, to my mind, canonical or ecclesiastical, or the argument of irreverence. It is the argument of impossibility. The story of Joseph, for example, which the British public is now invited to behold at His Majesty's Theatre, is not in the first place essentially dramatic. It is narrative, and it is told in the Bible with a majestic simplicity impossible to transfer to the stage.

No attempt is now made to present it in that way. The primitive Orientalism of the original has disappeared. The pastoral life has become a life of pictorial and scenic splendor. It is a spectacle, and the production of spectacles is a business out of which Sir Herbert Tree has made a reputation quite overshadowing whatever reputation he has acquired as an actor. Why should the Bible be sacred to a manager who has laid profane hands on Shakespeare? They are the two noblest pieces of literature in the English language, and at His Majesty's Theatre they serve as material for a kind of pageantry not far from the intellectual level of a cinematograph show. The play is not the thing. Scenery, costumes, limelight—they are the thing. For the purpose of attracting a paying public they are well done. The glitter and movement please the eye. As for the ear—well, you have at one moment sentences of incomparable English from the Scriptures, and the next moment the nervous phrases of Mr. Louis N. Parker; literature of the kind you may hear on the top of an omnibus.

That is the salad set before you. That is what the public throngs the great playhouse in the Haymarket to see and hear. The acting is undistinguished, but the acting, in a piece of this kind, is unimportant. Sir Herbert

has quite correctly gauged the taste of the many-headed monster to which he makes his appeal. He has set himself to outbid the music halls, with their "Revue" and ragtime and sex suggestiveness, and he has succeeded. "Joseph and His Brethren" at His Majesty's and Mlle. Gaby Deslys, at the Palace, nightly crowd those two important theatres; each of them playing, it is said in the jargon of the box office, to their capacity. Sir Herbert Tree and Mr. Alfred Brett, the two managers, are alike to be congratulated for the same reasons. They aim at a financial success and financial success is theirs. At the Palace there is usually much better singing and acting and dancing than any Mlle. Gaby Deslys can offer; but no such display of underclothing as hers. This is where Sir Herbert's superiority is clearly seen, for he can make his stage attractive without stripping off the outer garments of his company. Yet from the truth of dramatic art underdressing and overdressing are equally remote.

To the credit of the British let it be said that if they flock to the Palace and His Majesty's they crowd also the Coliseum, where Mme. Sarah Bernhardt is playing. She plays in French. The language is intelligible to but a fraction of her audience, but the language of such art as hers is universal. A novelty she is not. Her best self she is not. An actress at sixty-nine ever was. Her methods in the course of years spent before audiences less susceptible than the French to delicate impressions have coarsened a little. Her voice is less golden. But her art is still incomparable with that of any living actress except herself.

The competition of the music hall with the theatre has had a visible influence on the theatre, but the music hall still, as a rule, does best what it professes to do. It does not pretend to elevate. Its appeal is quite free from pretence, and frankly sensuous; that of His Majesty's being sensuous but not frank. The Russian ballet at Covent Garden, which turned itself last summer and this for weeks into a dance-house, had art values of a high order, at high prices. Such houses as the Alhambra and the Empire were devoted to what they call Revues, which are not Revues in the French sense, but a series of "turns"; each of which has to be judged by itself. The London Opera House—do you recognize it as the edifice in which Mr. Hammerstein sought to show London how operas could be brought out for love?—was also devoted to the Anglicized Revue. Quite lately might have been seen there a Spanish dancer, Senorita Carmelita Ferrer; quite the most delicately finished performer in that kind London has known.

From the Empire the Revue has now vanished. A short musical comedy foolishly called a "vaudeville" takes its place, and in this musical comedy it is to be seen an actress hitherto known chiefly as a dancer, Miss Unity More. She is now both dancer and actress; with a very pretty method in both these sister arts; and with a light-hearted simplicity which comes pleasantly across the footlights. There is no pretence. There is no lesson. There is nothing Scriptural. There is just a sense of enjoyment in beholding a performance which the actress herself enjoys. She neither outstrips Mlle. Gaby Deslys—which indeed the police would hardly permit—nor competes with Miss Maxine Elliott in the gorgeousness of her raiment. She is content to make the best use of her resources and of a temperament sympathetic to the house.

For a contrast, Mr. Galsworthy's business in life is not to amuse but to paint this world black. He paints a picture all black, unredeemed by light, presents that black picture to you on the stage, asks you to accept it as a portrait of the world in which you live. That is what he did in "Strife" and in "Justice." That is what he has now done in "The Fugitive." They are all worlds, or watertight compartments, peopled with abstractions. The human element is either omitted or so caricatured and so black that it no longer seems human. You sit through two or three hours of this and come out into the blackness of the night and there are stars visible, and you say to yourself, the real night is better than Mr. Galsworthy's day. If there were no stars, but a black fog, you would still say, yes, that is a more cheerful thing and a better air to breathe than what he gives us. Mr. Galsworthy is didactic but not persuasive. He is a writer of books, with an exclamatory style, and of plays in which the sense of unreality is omnipresent. He has a mission. He is a preacher, but without the gifts which make a sermon of Dr. Cretz's exercise in religion and a work of art. It is necessary to say more of it.

I can spare but a word for Mr. Bernard Shaw's conversational force of "Androcles and the Lion," now playing at the St. James's. It need not be made a reproach to him that he should write a farce. It is an open question whether he has ever written anything else; as playwright or as socialist politician. Coleridge defined a farce as a piece in which you take an absurdity for granted to begin with. In which case you continue and end with your absurdity, as Mr. Shaw does; which has a logical merit. He has a knack at dialogue, some of which is amusing. He has flashes of what you perceive to be wit. Of structure and plot he has as much as it hath pleased God to give him, and a knowledge of human nature from which sincerity is sedulously absent. In addition to all these he has now a stage lion which comes as close to lion nature as his men and women do to human nature. And altogether this piece, like his others, is one of the saddest things you can see in the theatre or anywhere else; a spectacle of brilliant gifts wilfully wasted.

G. W. S.

MRS. JAMES EDWARD MONTGOMERY.



SYMPATHY FOR SULZER MANY DINNERS AT TUXEDO

Ex-Governor Has Many Supporters Among Upstate Papers.

A general feeling of sympathy for ex-Governor Sulzer, running in many cases, into strong support for him, is expressed by the leading newspapers of New York State. Condemnation of Tammany and its motives in impeaching the late chief executive is widespread. Some of the editorial views are as follows:

"Assassination."

From The Utica Observer. All his sins would have been forgiven, though they had been multiplied a thousand fold, but his desire to give the state an honest administration must be met with assassination.

He Refused to Play the Game.

From The Elmira Star-Gazette. There is no mistake that sympathy is with the Governor. Regardless of what he may have done the public preferred him to the Tammany gang that sought to put him out of their way when once he refused to play the game.

On the Record.

From The Buffalo News. That the proceeding had its origin in political feeling is beyond doubt, but the enemies of the Governor could not have attempted to perform a more on the record, as it was made by testimony that stands undisputed, that the verdict of the court was reached.

Elmira Disappointed.

From The Elmira Advertiser. We are sorely disappointed at the vote of Elmira's representatives in the High Court of Impeachment. Judge Colton and we should be the last to say that a two-thirds majority of the members of the High Court in registering their verdict of guilty, signed against the light. We have no doubt that most of them voted in obedience to a scrupulous sense of duty, and we therefore accept their collective decision as a wise and just judgment.

Facts That Will Stick.

From The Buffalo Enquirer. Governor Sulzer has been tried before men, the majority of whom would have been excluded from a jury to try him on the same charges. He has been prosecuted for offences that would never have disturbed his prosecutors if he is a man of evil purposes or of evil acts, no one, outside of the "court" of impeachment, believes.

Warranted by the Facts.

From The Syracuse Herald. Regardless of the motives back of it, the impeachment was warranted by the facts, and we should be the last to say that a two-thirds majority of the members of the High Court in registering their verdict of guilty, signed against the light. We have no doubt that most of them voted in obedience to a scrupulous sense of duty, and we therefore accept their collective decision as a wise and just judgment.

"Because He Did Right."

From The Jamestown Post. Sulzer may be guilty of perjury and subornation in a technical sense, but he is not removed from office for these things. He has suffered impeachment, not for his crimes and his follies, not because he is a gallery player, shorn of his pretensions, but because he did right in a crisis. Yesterday's work will return to plague its promoters. It will kindle a flame that may yet purge the state of its smug boss who grins to-day behind the scenes.

Follies and Weaknesses.

From The Rochester Herald. We need not consider further the merits of the allegations against William Sulzer, proven and unproven, further than to say that in the minds of the people of New York State he stands convicted of nothing worse than monumental follies and weaknesses. That he is a man of evil purposes or of evil acts, no one, outside of the "court" of impeachment, believes.

W. J. Conners Still Loyal.

From The Buffalo Courier. In trying to interrupt the looting of the state treasury Governor Sulzer was knocked down by a Murphy jimmy in the hands of the State Assembly, was haled before a hostile court, and the court has found that before he was engaged by the people and the State to guard their funds he did not expend as much money in seeking his engagement as he should have expended. That is the Sulzer case in a nutshell.

WHITMANS GUESTS AT NEWPORT.

[By Telegraph to The Tribune.] Newport, Oct. 18.—District Attorney and Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, of New York, are spending the week and with ex-Commodore and Mrs. Arthur Curtis James at their Newport home. They arrived to-day with Mr. James on his yacht, the Aloha, and this evening Mr. and Mrs. James gave a dinner in their honor.

BERLIN TO BE FRIARS' GUEST.

Irving Berlin, writer of ragtime, will be the guest of honor of the Friars at a dinner at the Hotel Astor to-night. Among the other guests will be Judge Edward E. McCall, Dudley Field Malone, Assistant Secretary of State, George M. Cohan and Renold Wolf. The reception will begin at 5.30 p. m.

MISS WINCHESTER BRIDE OF J. E. MONTGOMERY

Bishop of Arkansas, Her Father, Performs Ceremony at Zion and St. Timothy.

M'ALLISTER-TOWNSEND

Miss Anita Peabody Weds Hamilton Hadden, Polo Player, in Quaint Country Church at Cold Spring Harbor.

Miss Evelyn Lee Winchester, daughter of Bishop James R. Winchester, of Little Rock, Ark., was married yesterday morning in the Church of Zion and St. Timothy, in West 57th street, to James Edward Montgomery, of Chicago. Only relatives and a few intimate friends were present at the ceremony, which was performed by Bishop Winchester, assisted by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Lubeck. The bride, who wore a travelling costume, had no attendants. After a honeymoon trip in Panama, Mr. and Mrs. Montgomery will make their home at the Plaza Hotel in Chicago.

A pretty autumn wedding in the Episcopal Cathedral of the Incarnation, Garden City, took place yesterday afternoon when Miss Audrey Fallis Townsend, daughter of Edward Nicoll Townsend, was married to Gordon Rutherford McAllister, of Baltimore, by the Rev. Dr. John R. Moses, dean of the cathedral.

The bride was given away by her father. The matron of honor was Mrs. Edward Nicoll Townsend, Jr., sister-in-law of the bride. Miss Lydia Seabury Slade, of Manhattan, was maid of honor, and the bridesmaids were Miss Ruth Ellison, Miss Franklin Engle, Miss Mary Allom Swan, Miss Adelaide Travis and Miss Catherine Gansvoort Townsend, a cousin of the bride.

Carroll Hobart Dawson, of Washington, was best man, and the ushers were W. Lee Gwynne, Frederick W. Gwynne, Edward Nicoll Townsend, Jr., Hiram Broom, Malcolm Hunter and Prescott Berdell. There was a reception after the marriage at the home of the bride's parents.

Members of the Meadow Brook Hunt and the polo clubs of Long Island were largely represented at the wedding yesterday afternoon of Miss Anita Peabody, daughter of Charles A. Peabody, to Hamilton Hadden, son of Mrs. J. E. S. Hadden, of Uniondale Farm, Hempstead. The ceremony took place in the quaint old church at Cold Spring Harbor, where the bride's father's country place is located. The Rev. Endicott Peabody officiated, and a large reception followed at the bride's home.

The bride had no attendants. The best man was Sidney Fish, and Miss Peabody was given away by her father. The bride has been popular among the hunt sets of Long Island for the last three seasons. The bridegroom is one of the crack polo players of the Meadow Brook Hunt. He is also a member of the Great Neck Polo Club, which was organized by Joseph F. and W. Russell Grace.

Miss Margaret Benesse Thompson, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. H. Grant Thompson, and Robert Lincoln Campbell, Yale, '12, of New York, were married yesterday afternoon at the home of the bride, on Whitney avenue, New Haven. Because of the recent death of Miss Thompson's mother the wedding was very simple, and only the relatives and a few intimate friends were present.

Both Miss Thompson and Mr. Campbell were unmarried. Miss Thompson was given in marriage by her brother, Grant Thompson, and the ceremony was performed by the Rev. Anson Phelps Stokes, secretary of Yale. Miss Thompson was dressed in white chamoise and rose point lace, and her wedding veil of rose point was worn by her grandmother, Mrs. F. Wayland Fellows, of New York. The bride carried a bouquet of orchids and lilies-of-the-valley.

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Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will live in New York, where they have taken an apartment at No. 123 East 53d street. Mr. Campbell is a son of Vice-President Benjamin Campbell of the New Haven road.

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